ODE TO A MILK SHRINE.

Oh! you little shrine of mine,
Every morning rain or shine,
In my shirt-tail, out I chase
For some milk to feed my face.
Urged on by my wife, I speed,
For the milk and cream we need.

Everybody stands in line,
Getting the milk at the shrine.
Then they all go back again,
Girls, boys, babies, women, men.
So with milk and cream, I trot,
Back toward the coffee pot.

By this time breakfast's heated
And is ready to be eated.
So ham, eggs, mush and other dope
And for dessert, some cantaloupe.
Then when hunger's put to rout,
Off to work, I start right out.

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Librarian: You may like to put this Louis Slevin record of early Carmel in your files. My family came to Carmel Woods in 1925 and I remember this phase of Carmel. This is by courtesy of the Stevenson House - Pauline Meeks McCleary Guide, Monterey Monuments First Theatre —

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